

*The Historie of*

That were his Lackies : I cried hum, and well, go to,  
But markt him not a word ; O, he is as tedious  
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,  
Worse then a smokie House. I had rather liue  
With Cheefe and Garlicke in a Windmill farre,  
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,  
In any Summer-house in Christendome.

*Mor.* In fayth he was a worthy Gentleman,  
Exceeding well read and profited  
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lion,  
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull  
As Mines of *India* : shall I tell you, Coosen,  
He holdes your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himselfe, even of his naturall scope,  
When you come crosse his humour, sayth he does :  
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.  
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,  
With out the taste of danger and reproofe :  
But doe not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

*Wor.* In fayth, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,  
And since your comming hither, haue done enough  
To put him quite besides his patience :  
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,  
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,  
And thats the dearest grace it renders you :  
Yet often times it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, hautinesse, opinion, and disdaines,  
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,  
Loseth mens heartes, and leaues behind a stain  
Vpon the beautie of all partes besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am schoold, Good-manners be your speed,  
Heere come your Wines, and let vs take our leaue.

*Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.*

*Mor.* This is the deadly spight that angers me,  
My Wife can speake no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

*Glen.* My Daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,  
Sheele

*Henry the*

Sheele be a souldier too, sheele to

*Mor.* Good father tell her, that  
Shall follow in your conduct spee

*Glendower speakes to her in w  
him in the san*

*Glen.* She is desperat heere,  
A peeuis selfe-wild harlotry, or  
good vpon.

*The Lady speakes u*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy lookes  
Which thou powrest downe from  
I am to perfect in, and but for tha  
In such a parley should I answer

*The Lady againe i*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy kisses,  
And thats a feeling disputation :  
But I will neuer be a truant loue,  
Till I haue learnd thy language, f  
Makes *welsh* as sweets as ditties  
Sung by a faire Queene in a Sum  
With rauishing diuision to her le

*Glen.* Nay, if thou melt, then

*The Lady speakes agai*

*Mor.* O, I am ignorance it se

*Glen.* She bids you on the wan  
And rest your gentle head vpon  
And she will sing the song that p  
And on your eyelids crowne the  
Charming your bloud with plea  
Making such difference betwixt  
As is the difference betwixt day  
The houre before the heauenly l  
Begins his golden progresse in th

*Mor.* With all my heart He sit  
By that time will our booke I thi

*Glen.* Do so, and those Musiti  
Hang in the ayre a thousand leag  
And straight they shall be here,